

# The Bethel News.

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 35.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1906.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

## WE MUST PART. THE NEWS ABOUT TOWN

ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP BY THE NEWS MAN.

Dr. Coolidge of Waterford was in town, Sunday.

Mr. Eli Stearns is shipping his apples to Boston.

Miss Sara Farwell is visiting relatives in Foxcroft.

Mr. Lambert, night operator, spent Wednesday with friends in Berlin.

Mr. C. E. Arno went to Gorham, N. H., Thursday, returning the first of the week.

Mr. F. L. Edwards had two cows killed on the G. T. R. track, Monday evening.

Mrs. Alice Farwell visited relatives in Gilead, last Tuesday, returning Wednesday.

The Ladies' Aid will meet with Mrs. H. C. Andrews, Thursday, Jan. 18, at half past two.

Mr. Samuel Hawley has been the guest of Mr. T. B. Kendall and W. F. Kendall and family.

The Ladies' Club will meet with Mrs. J. U. Purington, Thursday afternoon at three o'clock.

Mrs. Aldema Brown of North West Bethel is the guest of Mrs. A. F. Copeland for a few days.

Mr. Arthur Lary of Jersey City, N. J., was a guest of his sister, Mrs. Alice Farwell, last Monday.

Owing to a break in the machinery the chair factory has been shut down for a few days. It started this morning.

Friends of John Preston True of Boston will be interested to know that he has been enjoying a pleasure trip to Virginia and Washington.

Dr. and Mrs. Gehring have been heard from, word being sent from the Azores. All will be pleased to learn that thus far they had had a pleasant voyage and were well and happy.

Miss Anna Carlson is away for a two months' vacation. While gone she will visit friends in Cleveland, Ohio, New York and Boston.

While in the latter city she will be joined by her mother, Mrs. Christine Carlson.

A merry party from the Delinda enjoyed a most delightful moonlight ride one evening last week. The excellent sleighing and coasting have not been wasted of late as sleighing and coasting parties have been the order of the evenings.

On account of the storm there was no meeting of the W. C. T. U. Tuesday afternoon and the Union will meet with Mrs. F. S. Chandler, next Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock, Jan. 23. The subject will be Sabbath Observance.

Rev. Vincent Ravi and wife of Winchester, Mass., spent a few days last week with Mr. Ravi's sister Mrs. F. B. Schoonover. They returned to their home the last of the week, accompanied by Mrs. Schoonover and niece, Miss Rosa Brooks.

Mrs. E. E. Chase who has already won an enviable reputation as a butter maker, comes to the front this winter with her usual good record.

During the past year from an average of seven cows she has made 1990 lbs. of butter, after using all the cream needed in her family and raising three veal calves.

Mr. W. W. Hastings has dispelled all former doubts, if we ever had any, that bachelors could not entertain, for last week this clever gentleman entertained royally at Prospect Hotel, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Straw, Mrs. C. S. Littlehale, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Hastings and Mrs. and Miss Frye at dinner, in honor of his uncle, Hon. M. M. Hastings and wife of Bangor.

Mine host Messrs. King & Green understand most happily the art of meeting the requirements of their guests, both in the attractive arrangement of the table and excellent quality of their cuisine.

Mrs. Etna Lane visited friends in town last week.

Mrs. Melinda Bean is spending a few weeks with Mrs. W. E. Abbott on High street.

Mrs. H. S. Pushard has returned from a few days' visit with her parents at Mechanic Falls.

The next meeting of the Merry-meeting Flinch Club will be held at the usual place to-morrow evening.

Mr. J. C. Billings has recovered from his recent illness sufficiently to resume his duties at the post office.

Brown Post has secured Past Dept. Commander, E. C. Milliken of Portland for Speaker Memorial Day.

Hon. M. M. Hastings and wife who have been spending a few days with relatives in town have returned to their home in Bangor.

Just look in to Pushard's if you want to see the best line of candy in town. Received by express to-day. All fresh. Every kind you want at 20-30-40-50 cents a pound.

The Universalist Sunday school has been reorganized, new supplies added and quite a novel order of procedure established whereby interest in the work of the school along all lines is sure to be increased.

The pastor begun, the first Sunday of the year, ten minute lectures on a systemized knowledge of the Bible, especially adapted to the young, but both interesting and profitable to adults.

The greatest Biblical scholars—the Germans—will be relied upon as authority on specially fine points. From the fertile brain of Miss Stella Bartlett, our secretary, has arisen a novel scheme for the social side of our work—quarterly socials, the first is to be the spider web. All, not otherwise interested should be on the alert to merit the profits of our school.

Letters for the following are advertised at the postoffice: Mrs. Bert Lufkin.

Mr. Edw. A. Davis.

Annual Banquet.

This annual New Year's roast chicken banquet will be given in the dining hall of the Congregational church on the evening of Thursday, Jan. 25. A first class dinner of hot roast chicken with vegetables, cranberry sauce, celery, fruit etc., will be served.

There will be no numerous and lengthy speeches, but beside some enjoyable music, a few words by a selected number of post prandial speakers will add to the pleasure of occasion.

Dinner will be served at six o'clock. Tickets 35 cents.

The Library Benefit.

The Flinch party given at Prospect Hotel last Friday evening for the benefit of the library was very well attended. The proceeds amounted to \$17.50 and the trustees of the library extend thanks to all who attended as well as to those, who, unable to be present, were thoughtful enough to send in a contribution.

CHURCH NOTES

METHODIST.

Morning Preaching Service at 10.45. Sunday School 12.00. Epworth League 6.15. Evening Preaching Service 7.15.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Next Sunday morning the theme of the sermon will be the Life Service of Benjamin Franklin.

Sunday school at 12 o'clock. Lesson, Right Conduct toward God.

Christian Endeavor meeting at 6.45 o'clock. Topic, Jesus' Boyhood.

The pastor's half hour following at 7.30. The proverb, "The sun never goes out though clouds are about." Sacred selections by the phonograph at this service.

A cordial welcome to all.

UNIVERSALIST.

Special music will be rendered at the Y. P. C. U. in Pattee chapel next Sunday evening.

## Installation of Officers of Brown Post and Woman's Relief Corps.

On Wednesday evening Jan. 10, occurred the installation of the officers of Brown Post and Woman's Relief Corps. Each member had the privilege of inviting one or more friends and the result was that a friendly and interested audience was present to witness the installation and partake of the bountiful refreshments served later.

The exercises were considered by all present as being especially fine, the flag work making the work exceedingly interesting. After the installation an hour was spent in singing the ever pleasing army songs and in sociability. Comrade A. M. True acted as installing officer of the Post and Mrs. Sarah E. Putnam, Dept. I. and I. officer assisted by Mrs. Grace Tyler as Conductor installed the officers of the Corps. The following are the officers of the Corps as installed:

Pres.—Ida J. Burk.

Sen. Vice Pres.—May R. Bartlett.

Jun. Vice Pres.—Lizzie Morgan.

Sec.—C. S. Littlehale.

Treas.—E. E. Burnham.

Chap.—Carrie M. Arno.

Pat. Inst.—Sarah E. Putnam.

Press Cor.—Evelyn E. Coburn.

Conductor—Sarah E. Putnam.

Guard—Ella F. Bartlett.

Asst. Conductor—Evelyn Coburn.

Asst. Guard—Bessie Kenny.

Color Bearers—Alberta Kendall, Angie Chapman, Mabel Wheeler, Effie Hall.

Musician—Martha Kendall.

The officers of Brown Post are:

P. C.—H. C. Barker.

S. V. C.—A. H. Hutchinson.

J. V. C.—M. R. Coburn.

Surgeon—J. O. Sanborn.

Chaplain—J. H. Barrows.

Quarter Master—A. S. Chapman.

Adj.—A. M. True.

Q. D.—L. N. Bartlett.

Q. G.—I. C. Jordan.

The Installation of Sunset Rebekah Lodge.

The installation of officers of Sunset Rebekah Lodge No. 64, took place at their hall Monday evening. A good number of Odd Fellows and their wives and Rebekahs were present. Following the installation a short but pleasing entertainment was given and refreshments of ice cream and cake were served.

District Deputy Curtis and Grand Marshall Leroy of West Paris, assisted by the grand officers of the lodge, installed the officers as follows:

N. G.—Carrie M. Arno.

V. G.—Fannie Bisbee.

Chaplain—Fannie Barton.

Warden—Lula M. Arno.

Conductor—Angie Wright.

## WEST BETHEL.

All the Latest News from Our Neighbors.

Lumbermen complain of a lack of snow.

The roadbreakers were out Thursday for the first time this year.

Daniel E. Mills of Norway was in town last week.

Mrs. Dennis and son are with relatives in Gilead village.

Charles Ruggles of Norway visited Henry A. Cross and other friends here one day last week.

Such delightful weather and fine sleighing in January is quite rare in Oxford County.

Mrs. L. D. Grover has been quite ill for three weeks.

Wesley Dennis has gone to Boston where he hopes to have steady employment on one of the street railways of that city.

E. P. Philbrook has gone into the dog business and has a kennel of full blooded Scotch Collie puppies for sale.

Charles F. Reed of Hartford is on his annual peddling trip through Bethel and adjoining towns.

Four Hundred Babies.

St. Vincent's Infant Asylum, Chicago, shelters homeless waifs awaiting adoption, and there are nearly 400 babies there. Sister Julia writes: "I cannot say too much in praise of Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Contains no opiates and is safe and sure. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar and insist upon having it, as it is a safe remedy and certain in results. Refuse substitutes. Sold by The Wiley Pharmacy. F"

EAST BETHEL.

Alder River Grange held a very pleasant meeting in their new hall Friday evening, Jan. 12. The third and fourth degrees were conferred on two candidates, followed by installation of officers with Bro. A. T. Powers, P. M. of Bear River Grange as installing officer, assisted by Mrs. May Kimball.

Officers installed as follows:

Master—J. H. Swan.

Overseer—A. B. Farwell.

Lecturer—D. C. Foster.

Steward—Carl Swan.

Asst. Steward—Edgar Swan.

Chaplain—Mrs. Agnes Howe.

Treasurer—Mrs. May Farwell.

Secretary—F. B. Rowe.

Ceres—Mrs. Nina Swan.

Pomona—Mrs. Lizzie Bartlett.

Lady Asst. Steward—Jennie Swan.

Organist—Miss Ella Farwell.

Flora, Mrs. Carrie Bartlett and Gate Keeper, S. Mayconnell were unable to be present. Visitors were present from Bear River Grange, Newry and Franklin Grange, Bryant Pond. After the installation, coffee, cake and fruit were served and a social hour passed.

Beats the Music Cure.

To keep the body in tune," writes Mrs. Mary Brown, 20 Lafayette Place Poughkeepsie, N. Y., "I take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are the most reliable and pleasant laxative I have found." Best for the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Guaranteed by all druggists. 25c. B

GROVER HILL.

The very best of sleighing and teaming.

Bad colds have been prevalent here for a week or two.

## Phonograph

would afford you a lot of entertainment at small expense.

No skill required to run them and they will play all kinds of music sing songs, or recite as you wish. Call and here one played and let me tell you its advantages over all others.

Easy payments if desired.

Large line of Records.

EDWARD KING

BETHEL, MAINE.

## BUSINESS POINTERS.

Business Readers will be published in this column at eight cents per line, reckoning seven words to the line.

I saw it among the Business Pointers.

You can save money if you will buy your footwear at Smiley Shoe Store, Norway.

Some broken lots of stationery at very low prices. Envelopes three cents a package that usually cost from ten to fifteen cents. Paper five cents a quire, regular prices from 8 cents to 20 cents. At King's.

Come in and hear the Phonographs at King's; all the new records.

A petition that sentence be imposed Jan. 19, on Chas. L. Tucker, who stands convicted of murdering Miss Mabel Page was filed with the Superior Court in Boston Jan. 11, by Atty. Gen. Herbert Parker. The penalty in that state of first degree murder of which Tucker was convicted in Jan. 1905, is death by electrocution. Miss Page was stabbed to death, at her home in Weston, March 31, 1904. Tucker's counsel are still hopeful of obtaining a new trial on exceptions.

A reasonable amount of food thoroughly digested and properly assimilated will always increase the strength. If your stomach is a "little off" Kodol Dyspepsia Cure will digest what you eat and enable the digestive organs to assimilate and transform all foods into tissue-building blood. Kodol relieves Sour Stomach, Belching, Heart-Burn and all forms of Indigestion Palatable and strengthening. Sold by The Wiley Pharmacy. DW

## USE OF WASTE HARDWOOD

By-Products of Michigan Sawmills Return Appreciable Money Profits.

All the world's woodcutters might be millionaires if they knew how to gather up the 12 baskets of industrial crumbs as does a distilling plant in a Michigan town. This establishment has a capacity of 99 cords of hardwood a day, the wood consumed being stabs, crooked logs, treetops, and other hardwood offal from logging and lumbering operations. From one cord of this material there is made ten gallons of wood alcohol, 98 1/2 per cent. being pure; 200 pounds of acetate of lime, quicklime being added for this purpose, and 50 bushels of charcoal. Every product of the wood except the charcoal passes off in the form of gas and is reduced by distillation. Some irreducible gas and a little tar product are used as fuel. Nothing is lost. The alcohol is worth 60 cents a gallon. The acetate of lime is worth two cents a pound, and the charcoal is worth ten cents a bushel. The value of the lime used is worth not over one-fourth of the value of the acetate. The value of the final product of the cord of refuse wood is, therefore, not far from \$14. The process is not expensive. The plant, running at full capacity, will turn out a product daily worth \$1,260 from material that has but little commercial value in its crude form.

## FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

stops the cough and heals the lung.

## NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Fred B. Merrill of Bethel has made application to the State Board of Bar Examiners for examination for admission to the Bar at the next session of the Board to be held at Bangor on the first Tuesday of February, 1906.

JOHN B. MADIGAN, Secretary of the Board.

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**"Heart Burn"**

An Early Form of Dyspepsia  
But It Is a Warning That Should  
Be Heeded

January 6, 1904.  
Dear Sirs:—  
My husband was troubled with heart  
burn and could find no relief until a  
friend advised him to take your "L.  
F." Atwood's Bitters.  
Since taking it he is entirely cured.  
Gratefully yours,  
MRS. MELISSA MERCHANT,  
Half Quarry, Mt. Desert, Me.  
Don't neglect your digestion until it  
is too late.  
You can depend upon "L. F." At-  
wood's Bitters. An old established  
family remedy of merit.

**BUSINESS CARDS.**

HERRICK & PARK,  
Attorneys at Law,  
BETHEL, ME.

H. H. HASTINGS,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Bethel, Me.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.  
DR. GARDINER L. STURDIVANT,  
Physician & Surgeon,  
Office in Residence } BETHEL.  
opposite Odeon Hall }

Long Distance Telephone.  
DR. I. H. WIGHT,  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Office in Residence at } BETHEL,  
Wormell Stand, } MAINE.

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM**

Time Table in Effect Oct. 15, 1905.

TRAINS GOING EAST.			
	A. M.	P. M.	
Island Pond, leave.	1.45	6.30	1.11
Gorham, .....	4.00	8.20	3.10
Gilead, .....	4.25	8.40	3.30
West Bethel, .....	4.38	8.50	3.42
BETHEL, arrive.	4.46	9.00	3.49
Locke Mills, .....	9.10	3.37	
Bryant Pond, .....	5.05	9.18	4.05
South Paris, .....	5.30	9.50	4.35
Lewiston, .....	6.40	10.45	5.35
Portland, arrive.	7.30	11.30	6.30

TRAINS GOING WEST.			
	A. M.	P. M.	
Portland, leave.	3.00	1.30	7.00
Lewiston, .....	5.30	2.25	7.50
South Paris, .....	5.50	3.26	8.47
Bryant Pond, .....	10.18	4.05	9.18
Locke Mills, .....	10.25	4.15	9.26
BETHEL, arrive.	10.35	4.25	9.37
West Bethel, .....	10.43	4.35	9.46
Gilead, .....	10.55	4.51	9.59
Gorham, .....	11.22	5.40	10.25

Island Pond, ..... 1.30 | 7.50 | 1.00 || Montreal, ..... | 6.50 | 7.00 |  |

J. H. O'CONNOR, Agent.

**Pine State Custom Shoes**

For men and women, \$3.50. Best  
shoe made in Maine. Also Pills-  
bury-Howe shoe for children. I  
also have a good stock of Rubbers,  
Leggings, Moccasins, etc.

Repairing Done well and Promptly.

E. E. RANDALL,  
MAIN ST., BETHEL.

**I DO NOT KEEP THE ONLY GROCERY IN BETHEL.**

But I have a complete stock of  
Groceries, Confectionery,  
FRUIT, NUTS, TOBACCO  
AND CIGARS.

If you don't see what  
you want, ask for it.  
R. E. L. Farwell, Bethel, Me.

**FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR**

for children; safe, sure. No opiates

**LADIES**

—Dr. LaFrance's—

Compound Ointment

Safe, Quick, Reliable, Regulator

Superior to other remedies sold at high prices.

Cure guaranteed. Sufferers used by over

300,000 Women. Price 25 Cents, drug

store or by mail. Testimonials and booklet free.

Dr. LaFrance, Philadelphia, Pa.

Talked Too Much.

"You used to tell me I was bird-like,"

complained the fond wife.

The husband continued to bury his

nose in the paper.

"You used to tell me I was bird-like,"

repeated the fond wife; "but now you

never act as if you thought so."

"You're still bird-like," growled the

husband.

"One wouldn't think you thought so,

to judge by—"

"Isn't a parrot a bird?"—Tit-Bits.

**STATE NEWS.**

Miss Cassie Carter, aged twenty-  
eight, reputed to be the heaviest  
woman in Maine, died at her home  
at South Bluehill, the 8th. She  
weighed 435 pounds and was five  
feet four inches in height. The  
cause of death was fatty degenera-  
tion. Miss Carter has exhibited  
herself at small fairs in eastern  
Maine, but declined many offers  
from show men to appear in various  
parts of the country.

The Rockland law firm of Little-  
field & Littlefield, of which Con-  
gressman Littlefield was a member,  
has dissolved partnership, according  
to the announcement of some weeks  
ago. Congressman Littlefield re-  
tains the office which has been oc-  
cupied by the firm, and his nephew,  
City Solicitor James Rhodes 2d, will  
be associated with him.

The first report submitted by the  
liquor enforcement commissioners of  
Maine shows the total expenses for  
the first year to be \$10,924. The  
amount received in fines and fees of  
officers was \$1,938, making the  
cost to the State for the nine months  
the commission has been in existence  
\$8,986. The appropriation was  
\$7,500 per annum. The salary of  
each of the three commissioners was  
\$1,070.

David R. Porter, a Bangor boy,  
now a second year Rhodes student  
at Oxford university, England, has  
been accorded a marked honor by  
the American club by being elected  
its president. The American club  
is an organization of the American  
Rhodes students at Oxford; now  
numbering about one hundred, every  
state, territory and Canadian province  
being represented. Mr. Porter was  
treasurer of the club last year. He  
is spending the long holiday vaca-  
tion in Bonn, Germany.

The question of establishing a  
Grange paper, as an organ for that  
body is being eagerly discussed all  
over Maine, both by Grangers and  
those outside of the order. Many  
incline to the opinion that the regular  
newspapers serve every purpose.

There are now at Good Will con-  
tinuously, about 160 boys and girls.  
To give these 160 children the privi-  
lege of this home and school costs  
in round numbers \$25,000 per year,  
an average of \$150 per capita.

A. V. Gould of Caribou narrowly  
escaped a severe accident on Mon-  
day evening of last week. Mr.  
Gould was removing his furniture  
from the burning dwelling of Ernest  
Washburn, when he in company  
with one other became fastened in  
one of the rooms. They finally  
forced the door open, but Mr. Gould  
was nearly suffocated with smoke  
and his hair and eyebrows were bad-  
ly scorched.

Mrs. David Adams of Litchfield  
is rejoicing over the receipt of a let-  
ter from a son whom she had mourned  
as dead. She had not heard from  
him for fourteen years, and it had  
been reported that he perished in a  
railroad accident. He is now located  
in Georgia after living in every  
State in the Union.

**ABOUT THE COUNTY.**

Florétt Giroux, the eighteen  
months old child of Edward Giroux  
of Rumford died from an unusual  
cause, death being due to poison  
from colored chalk. It is a peculiar-  
ly sad case, as the babe was at the  
time of the poisoning at the home of  
an uncle, Joseph Bovine. About  
four o'clock Thursday afternoon the  
baby got possession of the chalk  
while playing on the floor, and child-  
like began eating it, a large lot hav-  
ing been consumed before the dis-  
covery was made.

A South Paris lawyer who has  
been looking up the titles to certain  
real estate in Greenwood, has run  
across a very entertaining descrip-  
tion, the last clause of which is  
"Thence as crooked as you can go to

the north line of Phillips Academy  
Grant."

Last Sunday night at eleven  
o'clock, George Cole's buildings lo-  
cated in Greenwood, and consisting  
of a house and two barns, were  
destroyed by fire, also two yearlings,  
one hog, hens, farming tools, a good  
share of the furniture and clothing,  
also thirty tons of hay. The cause  
of fire is unknown.

West Paris came near losing its  
Grand Trunk station last Friday  
night. The lamp in the ladies'  
waiting room exploded about half  
past eleven and the whole building  
would have gone if the assistant en-  
gine had not been run down in front  
and the hose put on. As it was the  
whole inside of the room was black-  
ened and charred and quite unfit for  
use.

**How to Avoid Pneumonia.**

We have never heard of a single in-  
stance of a cold resulting in Pneu-  
monia or other lung trouble when  
Foley's Honey and Tar has been  
taken. It not only stops the cough,  
but heals and strengthens the lungs.  
Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar and  
refuse any substitute offered. Dr. C.  
J. Bishop of Agnew, Mich., writes:  
"I have used Foley's Honey and Tar  
in three very severe cases of pneu-  
monia with good results in every case."  
Sold by The Wiley Pharmacy.

**PRICE CUT IN HALF****REVIEW OF REVIEWS****COSMOPOLITAN****WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION****BETHEL NEWS**

Regular Price, \$6.50

Sensational Price for a Limited Time, \$3.25

FOR ALL TO ONE ADDRESS.

We are very fortunate in being able to arrange with the publish-  
ers of these three well-known magazines to offer a subscription for  
the coming year at this sensational price. We have decided to let  
our readers have the full advantage of the reduction and to cut the  
price of the NEWS as well, in order to get quickly a large body of  
paid-in-advance subscribers. Subscriptions to the NEWS will date  
from January 1, 1906; so all who subscribe now will get the NEWS  
FREE up to that date.

**BUSINESS PROPOSITION**

Scores of our readers are constant readers of the *Review of Reviews*, and know that it stands without a peer in its class; as many more have already become wedded to the *Cosmopolitan* and still as many more would be lost in their own homes without the *Woman's Home Companion*. You are to buy one or more of these valuable magazines anyway; why not have them all and the BETHEL NEWS thrown in for just a bit more than you would pay for any one of them alone?

**The Review of Reviews.**

Many other publications are de-  
sirable, and you may prefer this or  
prefer that fiction and art publica-  
tion, but the *Review of Reviews*  
is necessary. Substantial American  
men and women are going to keep  
up with the times and they are  
going to take the shortest cut—  
which is the *Review of Reviews*.  
Twelve hundred pictures a year;  
departments giving the best there  
is in all the other important maga-  
zines all over the world; timely and  
informing articles, almost as fresh  
and full of news interest as a daily  
paper; and Dr. Albert Shaw's inter-  
pretation of the public men, events  
and issues of the month, in "The  
Progress of the World."

**The Cosmopolitan.**

A leading magazine for eighteen  
years. With the recent change of  
ownership it has been improved. It  
is far better in every respect, and  
aims to be the best in its field. Every  
year or so there's one notable ad-  
vance in the forward movement  
among the many magazines. This  
year it is the *Cosmopolitan*. And  
this shall be a splendid permanent  
success. Its gains in news-stand  
sales and in subscriptions have been  
remarkable. And these are due  
only to the new life and real merit.  
The *Cosmopolitan* is printing  
WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT.  
It contains regularly the best fiction,  
best special articles on timely topics  
and best illustrations that money  
can buy.

**Woman's Home Companion.**

The *Woman's Home Companion*  
is for every member of the family.  
For our bright, earnest, cultured,  
home-loving American women it is  
an ideal entertainer and helper in a  
thousand congenial ways; but the  
fathers and brothers and sons join  
in its perusal by the fireside, and  
the children eagerly turn to the  
pages that are written for them.

The issues for the forth-coming  
year will be unique in conception,  
and execution, rich and varied in  
contents, and brilliant with the  
finest, most elaborate and artistic  
illustrations obtainable.

Enough said. You need no further introduction to these magazines. They are old  
friends with whom you are well acquainted.

Business propositions appeal to business people. This is a business proposition, and if  
those who read are business people, we shall expect to hear from them forthwith.

Don't wait. Remember this offer applies to renewals as well as new subscribers, and  
that the publishers of the magazines will not allow us to extend this offer but a few weeks.

Your name and address on the accompanying coupon, together with \$3.25, entitles you  
to this offer if sent to the BETHEL NEWS before December 31.

**MAGAZINE COUPON.**

Enclosed please find \$3.25 in acceptance of your Magazine offer.

Name

Address

**Do Not Sup**

When you have  
to suppress it, only  
The cough is but  
disease, and the  
should cure, then  
of itself. The m-  
coughing is a c-  
promptly suppre-  
preparations of  
opium, etc., are u-  
but they do n-  
Chamberlain's Co-  
other hand does  
cough, but relie-  
from the throat a-  
which obstructed  
allaying the irrit-  
the throat. It al-  
tions and effectua-  
cures the cold as  
For sale by Th-  
Bethel; H. W. De-  
E. L. Tebbets,  
Bennett, Gilead.

Just  
The summer gl-  
Most all her  
To him who w-  
—Louisville Co-  
What D-  
"What makes y-  
"I can never g-  
me."  
"Perhaps you  
enough."—Clevel-  
An I-  
"My wife has  
which she seals  
"Do you know  
would be a w-  
Leader.

**CASTORIA.**

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Beware of

Signature of

J. H. P. H. P.



HALF

NS HOME PANION



one or more of these pa-  
s and save you some money.

ell supplied with reading  
the approaching winter.  
election? Could you have

Enclosed please find \$3.25 in acceptance of your Magazine offer.

His Part.  
ye-ess" remarked Ketchley, in a  
disfused way, "Lulu and I will  
but in married life under very fa-  
e circumstances. Her mother is  
a neat little home, her father  
es it, and her Uncle de Long  
ven a carriage and pair. Besides,  
has a snug income in her own

at part do you furnish?"  
—principally the name—prin-  
the name."—Tit-Bits.

Relieving Her of Blame.  
said the housekeeper, "I have  
for you. I have made a vow  
to give anything to tramps."  
I wouldn't for the world have  
eak your vow," replied Harvard  
"My request was a mere nat-  
oppose you turn your back while  
thus engaged."—Philadelphia

The Whole Trouble.  
don't seem to like Miss Gabbie,  
"Lafayette," remarked Mrs. As-  
why is it?"  
est her," replied Mrs. Mala-  
because she's nothin' but a scamp-  
rel and everybody that knows  
collaborate that statement."—  
phia Press.

A Yellow Sensation.  
tutton — Hello! What's this?  
tutton (disgustedly)—Oh, that is  
Lost! Killed by Astobill's  
llo! Oh, rats!  
way—Why, what's the matter?  
tutton (disgustedly)—Oh, that is  
the headlines under which this  
nal paper reports the death of  
Town Topics.

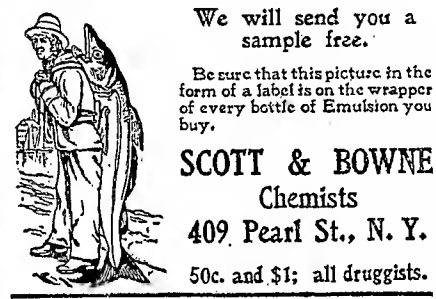
ASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Chas. H. Fletcher

## "SAVED MY LIFE"

—That's what a prominent druggist said of Scott's Emulsion a short time ago. As a rule we don't use or refer to testimonials in addressing the public, but the above remark and similar expressions are made so often in connection with Scott's Emulsion that they are worthy of occasional note. From infancy to old age Scott's Emulsion offers a reliable means of remedying improper and weak development, restoring lost flesh and vitality, and repairing waste. The action of Scott's Emulsion is no more of a secret than the composition of the Emulsion itself. What it does it does through nourishment—the kind of nourishment that cannot be obtained in ordinary food. No system is too weak or delicate to retain Scott's Emulsion and gather good from it.



We will send you a sample free.  
Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.  
**SCOTT & BOWNE**  
Chemists  
409 Pearl St., N. Y.  
50c. and \$1; all druggists.

No Cause for Alarm.  
"I see there are a couple of oil mag-  
nates in the audience," said the min-  
ister to the door-keeper at the lecture;  
"give them back their money. I won't  
have any tainted money!"  
"You needn't worry," replied the door-  
keeper; "they both came in on free  
passes!"—Yonkers Statesman.

The Whole Trouble.  
Towne—"I'll be careful never to get  
into an argument with him again. He's  
entirely too bitter."  
Browne—"You don't say?"  
Towne—"Oh, he's a regular wasp."  
Browne—"I see. He always carries  
his point."—Philadelphia Press.

His Discreet Preference.  
"Why don't you run for congress  
yourself?"  
"Because," answered Farmer Corn-  
tossel, "I'd rather be one of the fellows  
that do the fault-finding than be the  
feller that's found fault with."—Wash-  
ington Star.

Merely the Suggestion.  
His Wife—"Oh, Charles, what has  
happened, what is it?"  
Young Lawyer—"Disgraced, Emily,  
disgraced! My reputation's ruined! Some  
one has suggested my name for  
director of a life insurance company!"  
Puck.

Do Not Suppress a Cough.  
When you have a cough do not try  
to suppress it, but remove the cause.  
The cough is only a symptom of some  
disease, and the disease is what you  
should cure, then the cough will stop  
of itself. The most common cause of  
coughing is a cold. Anodynes will  
promptly suppress the cough, and  
preparations containing chloroform,  
opium, etc., are used for that purpose,  
but they do not cure the cold. Cham-  
berlain's Cough Remedy on the  
other hand does not suppress the  
cough, but relieves it by removing  
from the throat and lungs the mucus  
which obstructed the breathing, and  
allaying the irritation and tickling in  
the throat. It also opens the secre-  
tions and effectually and permanently  
cures the cold as well as the cough.  
For sale by The Wiley Pharmacy,  
Bethel; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel;  
E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W.  
Bennett, Gilead.

Just Now.  
The summer girl would gladly give  
"Most all her hoarded shekels  
to him who would relieve her of  
About a thousand freckles."  
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

What Did He Mean?  
"What makes you look so worried?"  
"I can never get a dress suit to fit  
me."  
"Perhaps you don't get there early  
enough."—Cleveland Leader.

An Imitation.  
"My wife has a diamond ring, with  
which she seals all her letters."  
"Do you know I should think paste  
would be even better?"—Cleveland  
Leader.

ASTORIA.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Chas. H. Fletcher

## SUBWAY SIGN LANGUAGE.

Somewhat Similar to That Employed  
by Deaf and Dumb  
People.

When the subway express train  
started from Brooklyn bridge, two  
messenger boys who were sitting to-  
gether began suddenly to make signs,  
relates the New York Press. At first  
those who looked on thought that pos-  
sibly these signs might be only the  
wiping off of chins after consuming  
slices of pie before starting on the  
journey, but it was not many minutes  
before they began to think otherwise.  
The train had hardly slowed up going  
around the Worth street curve before  
the language had definitely resolved it-  
self into that of the deaf mute.

There was some inward speculation  
as to how deaf mutes could possibly  
retain positions which are supposed to  
entail considerable glibness of tongue,  
together with a broad and smiling ap-  
proval of the nimbleness with which  
the language was carried on between  
the two youngsters. A woman who  
was more deeply interested than the  
rest alighted at the Fourteenth street  
station when the boys did. She fol-  
lowed them up the steps and found to  
her amazement that the moment they  
emerged into the open atmosphere of  
the street, they burst into verbal talk.

A stranger who walked by her side,  
noticing her look of astonishment,  
slowed up and said to her:  
"It is getting to be a common thing  
now for messenger boys and those who  
are obliged to employ the subway as a  
means of locomotion, to study the sign  
language and use it. As a matter of  
fact it is the only language that can be  
heard to any extent on the subway  
express."

## AN APPEAL TO CAMPERS.

Patriot of the Hoe Admonishes Them  
to Aid in Forest Preser-  
vation.

I want again to raise my voice in an  
appeal for care of the forest, says Cas-  
per Whitney, in Outing Magazine. Help  
the president and the forest service in  
their magnificent efforts to preserve  
our woods. Be sure before you leave  
your camp that every last bit of your  
cooking fire has been extinguished, and  
then scrape dirt over the ashes, so the  
wind may not stir into destructive  
life the supposedly dead embers you  
have left. No single inimical element  
is more of a menace to forest conserva-  
tion than the devastating fires which  
every autumn sweep across great tracts  
because of careless campers who  
"thought" they put out their camp fire.

And if you thus aid the president  
and the forest service you serve your  
country and your own interest—be-  
cause the preservation of our forest  
lands concerns every citizen in Amer-  
ica, and intimately concerns our agri-  
cultural interests. Every intelligent  
reader knows that the agricultural in-  
terests come very near to being the  
commercial bulwark of America; "poor  
crops, tight money," is a saying which  
ought to be familiar with newspaper  
readers.

## BASE OF THIRD CENTURY.

Relic of Early Italian Art That Is  
Valued at a Very High  
Figure.

Another family treasure of great  
value which has since passed into the  
keeping of the nation is the Portland  
vase, now exhibited in the British  
museum. This vase came from Italy,  
and what its age is no man knows,  
though it has been proved that in A.  
D. 235, it was deposited in a sepulcher  
under the Monte del Grano, three  
miles from Rome, and it is believed  
to have contained the ashes of the  
Emperor Severus. But, whether or  
no. Pope Urban VIII. had it dug up;  
and for more than two centuries it re-  
posed in the Barberini palace at Rome.  
In 1788 the duke of Portland pur-  
chased it from Sir William Hamilton  
for 1,029 guineas, and deposited it in  
the British museum 15 years later. The  
vase is only ten inches high. In 1845  
a man named Lloyd, employed at the  
museum, picked up a stone and hurled  
it in a fit of frenzy at the case which  
contained the precious relic. The vase  
was smashed into hundreds of pieces,  
but with great ingenuity they were all  
put together again, and as it now  
stands is said to be worth at the very  
least, \$75,000.

## INDIANS' THANKSGIVING.

Red Men of Reservations Take Great  
Interest in White Man's  
Feast Day.

Even our reservation Indians take a  
great interest in Thanksgiving day.  
Of course they show their Indian na-  
ture in their gaming and feasting,  
but at their corn dance with which  
the day's celebration closes, they offer  
thanks to the Great Spirit for the har-  
vest, and the resident priest is invited  
to bless the food provided for the  
feast.

The Cheyennes and Apaches some-  
times give a pony smoke, other tribes  
are invited to a feast of their best  
game and vegetables, and on their de-  
parture for home, the head of each  
family is presented with a good pony.  
As there are sometimes several hun-  
dred families as guests, you can un-  
derstand that only wealthy tribes can  
afford to give a pony smoke, but each  
tribe in their own way show that the  
spirit of thankfulness is not a stran-  
ger to them.

## Hard to Quench.

Cholly—Do you think this cham-  
pagne is very dry.  
Jimsy—It must be. It makes me  
fearfully thirsty.—Detroit Free Press

## ANIMALS IN THE DESERT.

Number of Them Outside the Camel in  
Respect of Going Without  
Drink.

Other creatures than the camel are  
able to get along for extended periods  
without drinking. Sheep in the south-  
western deserts go for 40 to 60 days in  
winter without drink, grazing on the  
green, succulent vegetation of that sea-  
son. Peccaries in the desert of Sonora  
live in "little dry hills where there is  
no natural water for long periods.  
They cannot possibly find water, in  
fact, for months at a time. The only  
moisture they can obtain comes from  
roots and the fruits of cacti. But the  
most extraordinary case is that of the  
pocket mouse, one of the common ro-  
dents of the desert. This little crea-  
ture, by the way, has a genuine fur-  
lined "pocket" on the outside of its  
cheek. When it is hungry it takes  
food from this pocket with its paw,  
just as a man would pull a ham sand-  
wich from his pocket. One of these  
mice has been kept for three years  
with no other food than the mixed bird  
seed of commerce. During this period  
it had not a taste of either water or  
green food. Other experimenters have  
found, in fact, that these mice in cap-  
tivity refuse such treats, not seeming  
to know that water is good to drink.  
The bird seed put before this mouse  
contained not more than ten per cent.  
of moisture, which is less than is nec-  
essary for digestion. Stuff so dry at  
this cannot even be swallowed until it  
is moistened by saliva. Yet this re-  
markable mouse gave nothing but his  
time to the interests of science. He  
suffered nothing in health or spirits  
during his captivity.

## NONOGENARIAN NEWSMAN.

Aged Illinoisan a Familiar Figure  
About Railroad Depots  
at Joliet.

The oldest newsboy in the world is  
to be found at Joliet, and he is a very  
familiar figure to passengers at the  
railroad depots, says the Chicago  
Chronicle. He is Orasmus Page and he  
was born in 1839. Although approach-  
ing his ninety-seventh year, he is never  
missing from his post and is always  
ready to supply the public with his  
stock of newspapers. He maintains  
his vigor to a remarkable extent, as he  
rises at four o'clock every morning in  
order to meet the early trains. He is  
also engaged until late in the evening.  
He has been handicapped by the loss  
of a leg, losing the member at the knee  
in a mine accident at Braidwood 23  
years ago.

His father was noted for longevity,  
his father dying at 89, his mother at  
93, while his grandfather lived to be  
102 and his grandmother 105. Orasmus  
commenced life as a farmer in Iowa,  
moving there with his parents from  
New York state. He then engaged in  
railroad contracting and had charge of  
some of the grading for the Chicago &  
Alton, near Bloomington, in 1857. Mr.  
Page has a wife, who is 86 years of  
age. His papers are the sole support  
of the couple, but owing to his age and  
crippled condition he is given the  
preference among the newsboys that  
besiege the trains and he manages to  
earn several dollars a day. The old  
man expects to continue at the busi-  
ness as long as his strength holds out.  
He is anxious to round out the cen-  
tury and will likely do so.

## FEEDING YOUNG PELICANS.

Produces Physical Shock Which Has  
Strange Effect on the  
Birds.

As the young increase in size, feed-  
ing becomes a more serious proceeding  
for all concerned, writes Frank M.  
Chapman, in Century. At the age of  
fight, the young birds average slightly  
larger and heavier than old ones, and  
the physical shock of feeding is so  
great that the parents supply only one  
bird at a time, and that at long inter-  
vals; while the young seem so over-  
come by the prolonged stay in the par-  
ental pouch, as well, doubtless, as by  
the size of the meal they have secured  
there, that on emerging they are in a  
dazed and helpless condition. Laying  
the head on the ground with wings re-  
laxed, they act as though they had re-  
ceived a violent blow at the base of the  
brain. This apparent semi-conscious-  
ness is followed by the most violent  
reaction, as the reviving bird sudden-  
ly grasps itself by the wing and whirls  
about like a demented creature, pass-  
ing only long enough to bite at the  
other wing before turning in the op-  
posite direction. If this surprising ex-  
ercise be intended as an aid to diges-  
tion, it is evidently effective, since, at  
its conclusion, the bird settles down to  
sleep.

## The Stronger Eye.

"Left-eyed people simply own the  
town these days," said a Broadway oc-  
ulist. "If the prominence to increase  
of that optic continue to increase  
we shall one day be a left-eyed race.  
In more than half the patients I treat  
the left eye is already considerably  
larger than the right. It is brighter  
and lasts longer. If you want to find  
out which eye is stronger try to read  
first with one then with the other un-  
assisted by its mate. Nine times out  
of ten that test shows how much more  
useful the left eye is than the right."  
—Brooklyn Eagle.

## Better Suited to Him.

Little Tiddle (nervously, to livery  
stable keeper)—Have you a very quiet  
horse? It must be like a lamb, neither  
kick nor shy, and not go too fast.  
Livery Stable Keeper (eying him  
contemptuously)—Certainly, guv'nor,  
Which'll you have—a clothes-horse or a  
rockin'-horse?—Stray Stories.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

The Minister—And does your  
papa say grace at the table, too?

The Angel Child—Yes, sir, but he  
doesn't say it like you do.

The Minister—What does he say?

The Angel Child—He sits down  
an' looks around an' says, "Good  
Lord, what a dinner!"

It invigorates, strengthens and  
builds up. It keeps you in condition  
physically, mentally and morally  
That's what Hollister's Rocky Moun-  
tain Tea will do. 35 cents, Tea or  
Tablets. The Wiley Pharmacy.

Wigg—Say, what does a marriage  
license cost?

Wagg—It can't be figured till  
you're dead.

Never can tell when you'll mash a  
finger or suffer a cut, bruise, burn or  
scald. Be prepared. Dr. Thomas'  
Electric Oil instantly relieves the  
pain—quickly cures the wound.

Woman gives and forgives—man  
gets and forgets.

You will not find 'beauty in rouse  
pot or complexion whitewash. True  
beauty comes to them only that take  
Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. It  
is a wonderful tonic and beautifier.  
35 cents, Tea or Tablets The  
Wiley Pharmacy.

Here is a good old-fashioned say-  
ing to repeat to the man who worries;  
Never take more on your heart than  
you can kick off at your heels.

Constipation causes headache,  
nausea, dizziness, languor, heart pal-  
pitation. Drastic physics gripe,  
sicken, weaken the bowels and don't  
cure. Doan's Regulets act gently  
and cure constipation. 25 cents.  
Ask your druggist.

It will be noticed in every home  
in which there is a Cosy Corner that  
the dog, in seeking comfortable  
places to sleep, never enters one of  
them.

Perfection can only be attained in  
the physical by allowing Nature to  
appropriate and not dissipate her  
own resources. Cathartics gripe,  
weaken—dissipate, while DeWitt's Lit-  
tle Early Risers simply expel all  
putrid matter and bile, thus allowing  
the liver to assume normal activity.  
Good for the complexion. Sold by  
The Wiley Pharmacy. DIV

Mistress—Didn't the ladies who  
called leave cards?  
Bridget—They wanted to, ma'am,  
but I towled them ye had plenty av  
yer own, and better ones, too.

Don't let the baby suffer from  
eczema, sores or any itching of the  
skin. Doan's Ointment gives instant  
relief, cures quickly. Perfectly safe  
for children. All druggists sell it.

Most people have rigid rules for  
the guidance of others, while they  
are perfectly content to follow a set  
of lax amendments.

"Had dyspepsia or indigestion for  
years. No appetite, and what I did  
eat distressed me terribly. Burdock  
Blood Bitters cured me."—J. H.  
Walker, Sunbury, Ohio.

Time flies so rapidly that it seems  
only a few months from the time a  
boy is crying for a jumping-jack un-  
til he is paying for it.

One Minute Cough Cure contains  
not an atom of any harmful drug, and  
it has been curing Coughs, Colds  
Croup and Whooping Cough so long  
that it has proven itself to be a tried  
and true friend to the many who use  
it. Sold by The Wiley Pharmacy.  
DW

## CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Chas. H. Fletcher

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been  
in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of  
and has been made under his per-  
sonal supervision since its infancy.  
Allow no one to deceive you in this.  
All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but  
Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of  
Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Pare-  
goric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It  
contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic  
substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms  
and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind  
Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation  
and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the  
Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.  
The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

## GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



THERE IS NOTHING LIKE  
**LACQUERET**  
HOUSEHOLD LACQUER  
FOR restoring original lustre and tone to old worn, scratched  
and faded furniture, woodwork and floors.  
LACQUERET dries over night and wears like rawhide. It will  
not fade, turn white or crack.  
LACQUERET is all right in everyway for everything. A child  
can apply it.  
LACQUERET is sold in convenient packages ready for use in  
Light Oak, Dark Oak, Mahogany, Cherry, Walnut, Rosewood,  
Rich Red, Moss Green, and "Clear". It is TRANSLUCENT, non-  
fading, brilliant and durable. Superior in points of merit to  
anything on the market.  
Ask for Color Card and instructive booklet  
"THE DAINTY DECORATOR."  
FOR SALE BY

**EVERY DAY SALE.**  
I will sell at Private Sale at my store on Main St., on  
**Six Days and Three Nights**  
**in Every Week**  
everything in a Grocer's outfit including  
A choice line of  
Frankforts, Bologna Sausage,  
Penley's Blue Tagged Smoked Ham,  
Pressed Cooked Ham, Salt Pork,  
Pickled Tripe, Salt Mackerel,  
Luncheon Halibut, Boneless Salt Fish,  
Oysters, Clams, and a thousand and  
one things too numerous to mention.  
**Goods delivered at time of sale.**  
**C. A. LUCAS, BETHEL, ME.**

**CANT DOG STOCKS**  
**AND PICK POLES.**  
Manufactured and constantly on sale  
Address,  
**H. F. THURSTON,**  
Newry, Maine.  
**FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE**  
Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right  
**Prospect Hotel.**  
FRANK R. GREEN CO.,  
PROPRIETORS,  
BETHEL, MAINE.  
Excellent Cuisine,  
Steam Heated,  
Sanitary Plumbing,  
Porcelain Baths.  
RATES:  
\$2.00 Daily and Upwards.  
Special Rates for sojourn of Two  
Weeks or more.  
NEW LIVERY IN CONNECTION

**Always Remember the Full Name**  
**Laxative Bromo Quinine**  
**Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in Two.**  
Chas. H. Fletcher on Box. 25c.



# The Bethel News

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WEDNESDAY, JAN. 17 1906.

## Mr. E. H. Strobel Honored.

The following taken from the Siam Weekly Mail will be of interest to Bethel friends of Mr. Strobel; Mr. Strobel has spent some months at the home of Dr. Gehring and made many friends who will be pleased to welcome him upon his return in the early spring months.

Mr. Strobel is to be greatly congratulated on the distinguished honor which His Majesty has conferred upon him; and Americans are entitled to feel some special pride in the occasion. It is the highest honor which His Majesty could bestow—that of the Grand Cross of the Order of the White Elephant—and it is memorable as a mark of Royal appreciation of signal services rendered by the General Adviser since his appointment. The first of these services was that of assisting in the final adjustment and conclusion of the Franco Siam Convention which has amongst other effects secured to Siam a welcome period of freedom from international worries—a period turned to good account in works of domestic legislation. We need only briefly recall such recent measures as those for the abolition of licensed gambling, the Law on Navigation in the Siamese Waters, the Hackney Carriage Act, and other more or less important reforms, and the minor treaties dealing with matters of jurisdiction concluded with Denmark and Italy. In many directions Mr. Strobel has unquestionably worked hard and to good purpose, and has rendered to His Majesty's Government an amount of assistance of which His Majesty has now given the highest possible token of appreciation. It will be a matter of legitimate pride to Americans that their country has furnished to Siam a diplomatist and statesman whose ripe experience has been of such great service to this State.

## Shoe Strike Settled.

The strike in National No. 2 shoe factory in Auburn and National No. 1 factory in Lewiston was declared off Saturday afternoon and the men resumed work. Monday neither side would make public the basis of settlement, merely saying that the result was satisfactory. The strike was inaugurated Dec. 26 by 34 cutters in No. 2 mill because the management refused to grant a price list presented by the Cutters' union and to recognize the union. They were joined at different times by 41 men in other departments who struck in sympathy. The company refused to treat with the men through the union. It is understood the wages were increased.

## The Original.

Foley & Co., Chicago, originated Honey and Tar as a throat and lung remedy, and on account of the great merit and popularity of Foley's Honey and Tar many imitations are offered for the genuine. Ask for FOLEY'S Honey and Tar and refuse any substitute offered as no other preparation will give the same satisfaction. It is mildly laxative. It contains no opiates and is safest for children and delicate persons. Sold by The Wiley Pharmacy.

## A Difficult Problem.

Proprietor—Well, what's the matter now?  
New Clerk—I am puzzled about some goods I find in my department.

"Well?"  
"I wish to know whether the material is intended for mosquito netting, bridal veils or boarding house blankets."—N. Y. Weekly.

## Nerve Strain.

Mr. Quiktaf—(trustee of Cold-cash university)—I wish our professors would stop making speeches.  
Fellow Magistrate—Why, they haven't said anything objectionable, have they?

Mr. Quiktaf—No; but I have to keep reading their speeches to see if they do or not.—Puck.

## "The Moffatt Road."

Up the mountain side with majestic motion,  
The Moffatt train glides like a ship on the ocean,  
Its path is like the lion's when seeking his lair,  
Or way of the eagle as he swings through the air.

Encircling the hillside for miles upon miles,  
Through tunnels and canons skirting dark, deep defiles.  
Following the pathway of clear, crystal streams

Which sparkle and murmur like a child's Christmas dream.  
Sweeping swiftly along beside shady nooks,

Where the ripple and laughter and babble of brooks,  
Mingling with the song of the wild, mountain bird,  
Make melodies the sweetest that man ever heard.

The pen has no power to paint or express  
A title of the beauties which the landscapes possess;  
With little pools lying peacefully at rest

Like a new born babe on its mother's soft breast.  
And green, grassy valleys where sunshine lies spread

Like our mother's golden butter on home-made bread,  
With crannies and grottoes in intricate maze,  
Like haunts of the fairies of our lullaby days.

Mounting up through the clouds to the great divide,  
Where the rainbows of promise kiss the mountain side,—

There the Moffatt train rests. With awe we behold  
Vast mountain tops glistening with amber and gold.

From among crags and peaks which tower and shine,  
Enrobed in an impress Godlike and divine,

The bold eagle soars in majesty supernal  
Away towards the throne of the Great Eternal.

While the train glides away like a ship of State,  
Through the "City of Zion" to the "Golden Gate,"

Girding the continent with a Gordian chain,  
Locking the Sierras to the mountains of Maine.

R. G. WILEY FOSTER,  
Toledo, Ohio.

Denver Col., Sept. 5.—Oct. 5, 1905.

Robert G. Wiley Foster is the son of Uriah and Lydia Foster of Albany, Maine, and is a name sake of the late Dr. R. G. Wiley of Bethel. He was a soldier of the Rebellion and since that time has carried a wound that has been a constant reminder of his army days. He has lived and been in business in Toledo, Ohio, many years. His wife died some months ago. As a member of the G. A. R. he visited Denver last year and spent a month with his brother, H. Rensselaer Foster in Denver, and "was delighted with Colorado scenery and sunshine," and wrote the lines, "The Moffatt Road."

## May Live 100 Years.

The chances for living a full century are excellent in the case of Mrs. Jennie Duncan, of Haynesville, Me., now 70 years old. She writes: "Electric Bitters cured me of Chronic Dyspepsia of 20 years standing, and made me feel as well and strong as a young girl." Electric Bitters cure Stomach and Liver diseases. Blood disorders, General Debility and bodily weakness. Sold at all drug stores. Price only 50c. B

## Not Tending to Business.

The Young Doctor—Just think—six of my patients recovered this week.  
The Old Doctor—It's your own fault, my boy. You spend too much time at the club.—Tit-Bits.

Caller—Is Mrs. Gadabout at home?  
Servant—Yes'm, she's home to-day, mum. She's sick abed.—N. Y. Weekly.

## Scaling the Heights.

Stubb—The elevator in the Monumental flats has not been running for a week, but the landlord has been very considerate.

Penn—In what way?  
Stubb—Why, he supplied all of the tenants with alpine sticks for climbing the steps.—Chicago Daily News.

## Half the World Wonders

how the other half lives. Those who use Bucklen's Arnica Salve never wonder if it will cure Cuts, Wounds, Burns, Sores and all Skin eruptions; they know it will. Mrs. Grant Shy, 1130 E. Reynolds St., Springfield, Ill., says: "I regard it one of the absolute necessities of housekeeping." Guaranteed by all druggists. 25c.

## HERE AND THERE.

Dr. A. L. Hersey of Oxford, one of the best known of the older physicians of Oxford County, and one of the most respected citizens of his town, died on Friday, Jan. 12, at the home of his daughter, Miss Heloise E. Hersey, in Boston. Death was due to cerebral hemorrhage, and his illness was only two days in duration. Funeral was from his home in Oxford Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Betsey P. Monk of Buckfield, aged 77 years, was found dead in her bed last Saturday morning. It is supposed she had a shock as she had had two before.

Mrs. Laforest White of Dexter, was committed to the Maine Insane hospital at Augusta, Saturday, having been adjudged insane by a physician and by the town authorities. Mrs. White is suffering from temporary insanity and had it not been for prompt interference one or both of her small children might have been seriously injured or killed. One of the little tots was discovered in a snow bank where its mother had placed it and it was by a lucky chance that she was discovered when about to place another of the little ones in the stove at her home. It is thought that Mrs. White will recover in a short time.

Dr. A. W. Harris, formerly president of the University of Maine, has been tendered the presidency of the Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill., which position, without doubt, he will accept.

Thornton Bodge, a rural mail carrier aged about 30 and married a year ago, was killed Wednesday by a train on the Western Division of the Boston and Maine at Wells. Bodge was driving over a private way across the track. The horse was not injured. No blame is attached to the engineer.

## To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box.

## Dangerous Knowledge.

"I suppose you think your husband knows more than any other man alive," said the woman who sneers. "Yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins; "he does. But I do wish it wasn't about race horses."—Washington Star.

## Caught the Idea.

Prima Donna—The Morning Dash says my acting is suggestive of the timber of my voice. What does that mean?  
Contralto (viciously)—It means you are a stick.—N. Y. Weekly.

## None to Hurt.

Investigators tell us "It's the little things that kill. You'll find me reading microbes On a 11,000 hill."—Chicago Tribune.

## NOT COMFORTING.



Hunter—Does that dog of yours bite?  
Hiram Haddock—Dye reckon he swallows his vittles whole?—Chicago Journal.

## Heartless.

Distressed Mother (traveling with a crying baby)—Dear me! I don't know what to do with this child!  
Bachelor (in next seat)—Shall I open the window for you, madam?

## No Good.

"Pa said if I'd be good he'd get me a new football."  
"Did you get your football?"  
"None. They come too high for a kid like me."—Cleveland Leader.

## A Strange Habit.

Mrs. Fastboy—Fancy, dear, the Japs always take off their shoes before entering the house.

## Explained.

"People are just crazy to meet that man."  
"Who is he?"  
"An insanity expert."

## It Keeps the Feet Warm and Dry.

Ask today for Allen's Foot-Paste, a powder, it cures Chills, Swelling, Sweating, Sores, Aches, Chaps, etc. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c.

# MADGE AND THE CAMERA

By J. J. BELL  
(Author of "Wee MacGregor," etc.)

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

On Madge's last birthday her uncle presented her, with a token of his love in the shape of a very fine camera, together with all the appliances and chemicals necessary for successful amateur photography.

"Isn't it jolly!" cried Madge, coming out of the house on the third afternoon, to find me lying on the lawn, alone and in no very good temper. "Isn't it jolly!" she repeated, gleefully; "I've got one right at last!"

"Let's have a look, dear," said I, endeavoring to be pleasant in spite of myself.

She handed me the negative, and seated herself beside me.

"You'll see it if you hold it against your sleeve," she kindly explained. "Isn't it splendid?"

I gazed at it for fully a minute, and could make nothing of it; but I was not ill-natured enough to say so. I ran over in my mind the 20 odd photographs I had seen her take, and then I plunged.

"Indeed, Madge, this is good! The steamer comes out so—"

"To begin with, dearest, you're holding it upside down," she said; "and besides—"

"So I am. . . . Oh, I see it now! Why, it's the old churchyard we saw on Sunday afternoon. It's capital, Madge!"

When Madge spoke it was a trifle coldly.

"Excuse me mentioning it, Hugh; but it is a group of father and mother and Mr. Samson and yourself."

There was not a great deal for me to say under the circumstances. I felt rather foolish, and that did not help my ruffled temper. Moving the negative, I saw it in another light.

"Yes; I can distinguish your father and mother, Madge," I admitted; "but—"



"LET'S HAVE A LOOK."

which is Mr. Samson, and which is my self?"

She laid two dainty fingers on two ugly blurs.

"There you are—both of you." "But we've no heads," I objected.

"Oh, well, you might know yourself by the way you wear your watch-chain."

"It's certainly a unique photograph—if somewhat vague," I observed after a moment.

"I think it splendid for a beginner," she returned.

"Glad you're pleased, Madge. Personally, I consider you've been wasting your time as well as your plates."

"How disagreeable you are." "It's all very well," I said, sulkily, "but this is the last of my three hard-earned holidays—I do work occasionally, you know—and I've had scarcely five minutes of your company."

"I'm sorry you don't care for photography," she remarked.

"I haven't expressed my objection to photography. But this—I held up the offending piece of glass, language failing me.

"Well? What have you to say about it? Mr. Samson says it's quite good—much better than any first attempt he ever saw."

"I don't quite see what Mr. Samson has got to do with it," I said, with irritation.

"Mr. Samson has been exceedingly kind in explaining and arranging things. I asked you to come and see the dark room he has fitted up for me, but you only jeered."

"Did you ask him to fit up your dark room?"

"Certainly not. He offered—which was more than you did."

"I confess it never occurred to me to offer," I retorted. "I came here to see you in daylight." Madge was silent.

"Couldn't you have kept Samson away till to-morrow? He'll be here all the month, and I must leave in the morning—no, I'd better go to-night."

At that moment, through the open door, I caught sight of Samson coming downstairs. He must have thought Madge was alone, for he called out: "Success! You've come out beautifully."

He was a little taken aback when he found us together, but quickly recovered and handed Madge a negative. "This is your own," he said. "I'll take some prints presently. I'll just run upstairs again and get one or two things ready."

When he had gone, I turned to Madge.

"Hasn't he heard we are engaged?" I asked her.

"Oh, I suppose so. Everybody has. Bad news—you know."

"I tell you, Madge, I'm not going to submit to this sort of thing. Samson's a good enough sort; he's your visitor and friend of the family and all that—but he is not to monopolize you on the mere excuse of some wretched photographs. If he has forgotten that we are engaged, I must remind him. In the meantime I wish you'd come up the glen with me."

"In the meantime I've got to do some developing," she replied, without moving, however.

I temporized.

"Very well, dear. Having waited upon you for two days and a half, I daresay I can have patience for an hour. But what negative was it that Samson brought you just now?" I inquired, trying to interest myself in her new hobby.

"I didn't take it myself," she said, retaining her hold on the square of glass.

"Never mind, dear. Let me see it," I returned, genially.

"It's not a good one, I'm sure," she said, giving it to me, somewhat unwillingly, I thought.

"Why, it's yourself, Madge! Now, that's nice. You'll print a copy for me before I go, won't you? This must be the one of you I tried to take down by the barn yesterday—during the five minutes you were good enough to favor me with." I added, laughingly; "but I didn't think I should have managed so well."

Madge looked uncomfortable.

"I'm so sorry, Hugh, but I broke the negative you took yesterday. This is another one."

"Ah!" said I. "It fell, you know."

"Indeed!"

"So you see, this is another one, Hugh."

"So you have told me," I said, briefly. "I certainly was not going to help her."

"It was a pity it fell. I'm sure it would have been better than this one. You know, it just slipped from my fingers and broke."

Then Madge said: "Mr. Samson wanted to take me, and I thought you wouldn't mind."

"Not in the least," I replied, indifferently, and then there was another silence.

"You don't mind, do you?" she asked at last.

"Well, I am rather glad you were photographed with your own camera. I said, having thought it over."

"What difference did that make?" she inquired.

"Why, the result is your own. I should certainly object to any other man having in his possession a negative of you," I said, slowly, looking at her bonny face. She blushed.

"Hugh!"

"Well?"

"I said he could have one."

"I had feared it was coming, but I was far from feeling resigned."

"He begged for it," she added. "All the more reason why you should have refused, Madge."

Madge was ruffled.

"You are much too severe. I can surely give my photo to whom I like. I'm not a bit sorry I promised it to Mr. Samson."

"Madge," said I, seriously, "do you mean what you say?"

"Why should I not mean what I say?" she returned, shortly. "And, anyhow, I can't break my promise."

"You can break the negative," said I. "How very mean of you."

"I believe you care more for Samson than for me," I blurted out, foolishly.

"That wouldn't be so surprising, would it?" she retorted, calmly.

"Then let us end the matter!" I cried.

"As you please."

She was twisting off her ring when Samson came out of doors again.

"Would you like to try some snapshots up the valley?" he asked her, ignoring me. "I noted some fine bits this morning, and the light is now first-rate."

"Yes; I think it would be rather nice," she assented, cheerfully.

I knew I was growing pale, and in desperate disregard of everything, I whispered:

"Dear, don't go." It was only a breath—a prayer—and I wondered if she heard.

"Beg pardon," said Samson, politely.

There was an awkward pause. Samson, too, seemed to feel uncomfortable, as he stood gazing across the fields as if in search of a subject for conversation. Madge was playing with the negative of herself, and I fancied, or hoped, I saw a softening about her lips, while I certainly caught a quick, half-humorous gleam in her gray eyes.

"Mr. Samson!" she exclaimed very suddenly, and he started and moved quickly, but not more quickly than her hand.

Something cracked sharply under his left foot.

"Oh, Mr. Samson," cried Madge, reproachfully.

He was all apologies and regrets over the ruined negative, but Madge was kindness itself.

"You'll let me try again?" he pleaded, as some one called him into the house. She laughed and shook her head, and he went away disconsolate.

"Madge, I've been a beast," I whispered, catching her hands, "and you're far too good for me."

"I'm afraid I am," she said, with quaint gravity. "But I'll try to improve. You'd like me better if I weren't so nice. . . . Oh, I'm talking nonsense. I've been simply horrid to you, Hugh. . . . Oh, Hugh."

Samson was standing at the window, and must have seen us. Served him right!

There are two sides to every question, and the most profitable side of the insurance question is the inside.

# It Quiets the Cough

This is one reason why Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is so valuable in consumption. It stops the wear and tear of useless coughing. But it does more—it controls the inflammation, quiets the fever, soothes, heals. Ask your doctor about this.

The best kind of a testimonial—  
"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Also manufacturers of  
SARSAPARILLA,  
PILLS,  
HAIR VIGOR.

We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines.

Hasten recovery by keeping the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills.

Reform.  
"Tis like a ghost that sallies out  
To agitate the mind.  
'Tis very widely talked about,  
But mighty hard to find."  
—Washington Star.

IDEALS.



Critic—Truly, now, why do you try to paint?  
Miss Faddette—Oh, you know, they say it's such graceful exercise for the arms.—Chicago Daily News.

Transiency.  
Jes a smile, an' den good-by.  
Summer's fadin' frum de sky.  
Leaves is fallin' at yo' feet,  
Whah de rose once smiled so sweet;  
Seems no mo' dan yesterday  
Since we felt de breath of May  
Jes a song an' den a sigh,  
Jes a smile an' den good-by.  
—Washington Star.

A Grinding Monopoly.  
"Do you know, I've heard that all these street pianos that you see and hear around town are owned by one company, which merely leases them by the day."

"The idea! That's a grinding monopoly, sure enough, isn't it?"—Tit-Bits.

Heavy Exercise.  
He—After what you promised me, don't you think you were inconsiderate in giving six dances to that clumsy, lumbering Beefington?

She—Perhaps, dear; but Mr. Beefington's dancing does so help me to keep up my physical culture.—Puck.

Dignity and Cash.  
"Those wheelbarrow and long whisker election bets are very foolish."

"Yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins with a sigh. "They are foolish, but they're a great deal less expensive than the kind Charley makes."—Washington Star.

Defined.  
Mrs. Crabshaw in medium-priced flats they won't let you keep a dog.

Mrs. Crawford—Where I went they let you have dogs, but no children.

Mrs. Crabshaw—Oh, then it was a swell apartment.—Town Topics.

At the Ball.  
First Artist (admiringly)—What a faultlessly beautiful face Miss Hebble has!











## THE HOME.

## A Cheerful Blaze.

A cheerful blaze within the grate, Reflections bright upon the wall; Winter has come—we like of late A cheerful blaze within the grate; Though poor and narrow our estate, We offer to the friends who call A cheerful blaze within the grate, Reflections bright upon the wall. —Portland Transcript.

## Mothers and Boys.

Of all the love affairs in the world none can surpass the true love of the big boy for his mother. It is pure and noble, honorable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her.

Next the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of a son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to "turn out" badly who began by falling in love with his mother.

Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl may cruelly neglect the worn and weary wife. But the boy who is a lover of his mother in her middle age is a true knight who will love his wife as much in the serene autumn as he did in the daisied springtime.

As king over the stalwart oak and lofty pine, the fig-tree would have been a dead failure, and as much out of place as some of our politicians are in Congress; but for bearing figs the oak and pine are its inferiors. Bearing figs is the grandest thing in the world for a fig tree. It shines in its own sphere; but stripped of its fig-bearing power, it has no excuse for existence. Sometimes a mother who reigns a majestic queen in her own household, forsakes her quiet sweetness of home rule for a noisy, rough, public career, for which she has not the slightest qualification. Of course there are no such mothers who are readers of this paper, but we have seen them and so have you.

Marriage is only beautiful, moral or holy when love rivets two hearts and peace and harmony brood over the hearthstone.

Many a time a cheerful home and happy face does more to make good men and women than all the learning and eloquence that can be used. It has been said that the sweetest words in our language are "Mother, Home and Heaven," and one might almost say the word home includes them all, for who can think of home without remembering the gentle mother who sanctified it by her presence? And is not home the dearest name in heaven? We think of the better land as a home where brightness will never end in night. Oh, then, may our homes on earth be the centers of all our joys, may they be as green spots in the desert to which we can retire when weary of the cares and perplexities of life and drink the clear waters of love which we know to be sincere and always unfeigned.

A lady received the following reply from a neighbor in answer to the question why she allowed her children and husband to litter up every room in the house, and the sentiment will find lodgment in the heart of every home-loving person in the land: "The mark of the little muddy feet upon the floor can be easier removed than the stain when those little feet go down into the highways of evil. The prints of the little fingers on the window pane cannot shut out the sunshine half so much as the shadow that darkens the mother's heart over the one who is but a name through the coming years. And if my John finds his home a refuge from care and trouble, and his greatest happiness within its four walls, he can put his boots in the rocking chair, and hang his coat on the floor every day in the week. And if I can stand it and he enjoys it, I cannot see that it is anybody else's business."

## WHO SHE WAS

## SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF LYDIA E. PINKHAM

## And a True Story of How the Vegetable Compound Had Its Birth and How the "Panic of '73" Caused It to be Offered for Public Sale in Drug Stores.

This remarkable woman, whose maiden name was Estes, was born in Lynn, Mass., February 9th, 1819, coming from a good old Quaker family. For some years she taught school, and became known as a woman of an alert



Yours for Health  
Lydia E. Pinkham

restoring the family fortune. They argued that the medicine which was so good for their women friends and neighbors was equally good for the women of the whole world.

The Pinkhams had no money, and little credit. Their first laboratory was the kitchen, where roots and herbs were steeped on the stove, gradually filling a gross of bottles. Then came the question of selling it, for always before they had given it away freely. They hired a job printer to run off some pamphlets setting forth the merits of the medicine, now called Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and these were distributed by the Pinkhams sons in Boston, New York, and Brooklyn.

The wonderful curative properties of the medicine were, to a great extent, self-advertising, for whoever used it recommended it to others, and the demand gradually increased.

In 1877, by combined efforts the family had saved enough money to commence newspaper advertising and from that time the growth and success of the enterprise were assured, until today Lydia E. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound have become household words everywhere, and many tons of roots and herbs are used annually in its manufacture.

Lydia E. Pinkham herself did not live to see the great success of this work. She passed to her reward years ago, but not till she had provided means for continuing her work as effectively as she could have done it herself.

During her long and eventful experience she was ever methodical in her work and she was always careful to preserve a record of every case that came to her attention. The case of every sick woman who applied to her for advice, and there were thousands—received careful study, and the details, including symptoms, treatment and results were recorded for future reference, and to-day these records, together with hundreds of thousands made since, are available to sick women the world over, and represent a vast collaboration of information regarding the treatment of women's ills, which for authenticity and accuracy can hardly be equaled in any library in the world.

With Lydia E. Pinkham worked her daughter-in-law, the present Mrs. Pinkham. She was carefully instructed in all her hard-won knowledge, and for years she assisted her in her vast correspondence.

To her hands naturally fell the direction of the work when its originator passed away. For nearly twenty-five years she has continued it, and nothing in the work shows when the first Lydia E. Pinkham dropped her pen, and the present Mrs. Pinkham, now the mother of a large family, took it up. With woman assistants, some as capable as herself, the present Mrs. Pinkham continues this great work, and probably from the office of no other person have so many women been advised how to regain health. Sick women, this advice is "Yours for Health" freely given if you only write to ask for it.

Such is the history of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from simple roots and herbs; the one great medicine for women's ailments, and the fitting monument to the noble woman whose name it bears.

The three sons and the daughter, with their mother, combined forces to

investigating mind, an earnest seeker after knowledge, and above all, possessed of a wonderfully sympathetic nature.

In 1843 she married Isaac Pinkham, a builder and real estate operator, and their early married life was marked by prosperity and happiness. They had four children, three sons and a daughter.

In those good old fashioned days it was common for mothers to make their own home medicines from roots and herbs, nature's own remedies—calling in a physician only in specially urgent cases. By tradition and experience many of them gained a wonderful knowledge of the curative properties of the various roots and herbs.

Mrs. Pinkham took a great interest in the study of roots and herbs, their characteristics and power over disease. She maintained that just as nature so bountifully provides in the harvest fields and orchards vegetable foods of all kinds; so, if we but take the pains to find them, in the roots and herbs of the field there are remedies expressly designed to cure the various ills and weaknesses of the body, and it was her pleasure to search these out, and prepare simple and effective medicines for her own family and friends.

Chief of these was a rare combination of the choicest medicinal roots and herbs best adapted for the cure of the ills and weaknesses peculiar to the female sex, and Lydia E. Pinkham's friends and neighbors learned that her compound relieved and cured it and became quite popular among them.

All this so far was done freely, without money and without price, as a labor of love.

But in 1873 the financial crisis struck Lynn. Its length and severity were too much for the large real estate interests of the Pinkham family, as this class of business suffered most from fearful depression, so when the Centennial year dawned it found their property swept away. Some other source of income had to be found.

At this point Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was made known to the world.

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Men are very much what women make them.

If all the world were agreed, it would be a very stupid place.

There are few women who are good judges of their own faces.

I set out to teach myself, and as a consequence I had a fool for my pupil.

She was endowed with good sense of the kind generally known as "common" though why it should be so is a mystery, seeing that it is comparatively rarely met with.

—Dr. William A. Hammond's "On the Susquehanna."

## When Eggs Are Scarce.

When eggs are high one may be economical in many ways. For setting coffee I break an egg into a jelly glass, fill it with granulated sugar and mix thoroughly, cover closely and use a half teaspoonful to a pot of coffee. This will keep any length of time. For pumpkin pies I use but one egg to a pie and one tablespoonful of flour. No one can tell the difference. For a custard pie, two eggs and a tablespoonful of flour, says a Ladies' World correspondent.

## Ho! For Mexico.

A number of persons have signified their intention of visiting Mexico on the special excursion which leaves Montreal by the Grand Trunk Railway System on January 29th next, among whom are several clergymen. The many features offered on this tour which are not given by any other is recognized by the traveler, and the knowledge that it is the only one through the "Oldest Country in the New World" covering all the principal points, seems to have appealed to those who know a good thing. Application to J. Quinlan, District Passenger Agent, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, will secure handsomely illustrated literature and all particulars.

## Found a Cure for Indigestion.

I use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets for indigestion and find that they suit my case better than any dyspepsia remedy I have ever tried and I have used many different remedies. I am nearly fifty-one years of age and have suffered a great deal from indigestion. I can eat almost anything I want to now.—Geo. W. EMORY, Rock Mills, Ala. For sale by The Wiley Pharmacy, Bethel; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel, E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead.

## THE WOMEN AT HOME.

Our mothers, wives and daughters. Home is not home at all without them. Yet they may die and leave the house silent and dead. Depend upon it, the ladies are not always to blame when they are low spirited and "crossed." They are sick. Tell them to use Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy and the color will come back to their cheeks and the laugh to their lips. Complaints

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An Unbroken Record of Success for nearly forty years, and has won hosts of friends. No household is contented when one or more of its members suffer from, or even frequently from some tedious and wearing disease. Are you suffering from any disease traceable to the causes mentioned? If so, Dr. Kennedy has staked his personal and professional reputation on the statement that his Favorite Remedy will do you good.

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For Coughs, Colds and Croup.

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The original  
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Sold by Bay Pigeon,  
Research and Renewal,  
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A box, Genuine made in  
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Place in Mayville, 135 acres, 35 tillage, and timber. Cuts a good cultivation. Large and spacious ell and shed on a large barn, 40x60 and in house and barn. All

House has been used but was built for private much improved lately, called for health, business summer resort. Situated over, with fine view of the by broad level intervals; first class commu-

is the trotting course of Association which with the farm. One acre and desirable places for summer boarders. The recent death of the unable to manage place. Easy terms. Apply to HERRICK & PARK, Bethel, Me.

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excellent set of farm building large barn, excellent land to cultivate twenty-five tons of and, and excellent vegetables, berries produce; never fails through the past at a bargain and for particulars in-

ess, E. C. BOWLER, Bethel, Maine.

**Witt**

name to look for when Hazel Salve is the genuine. In fact, by "Witch Hazel Salve" is the unadulterated

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interferes—base imitations—Witch Hazel Salve, Blind, Bleeding, Piles, Also Cuts, Grains, Lacerations, Bruises, Eczema, and all other skin

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Wiley Bethel, Me.

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**HOREHOUND DROPS.**

The kind you had in your childhood days.

These old-fashioned horehound drops will taste just as good, to you to day as those your mother used to doctor your childhood coughs with, for they're made just the same—just, pure sugar and fresh horehound herb.

They are a simple remedy, but effective, nevertheless.

The hundred pounds we opened yesterday won't last long the way they are going so you better get your pound as soon as possible.

**Price 20c. a pound****W. E. BOSSERMAN, Druggist.**

BETHEL, MAINE.

**CHRISTMAS COMFORTER.**

How It Brought a Soldier of the Blue and a Soldier of the Gray Into Sympathy.

"Christmas in the early days," said Addison Ballard, "was not like the Christmas of this day. I was raised in Warren county, O., and in a neighborhood of well-to-do people, and here is what I received from my parents as a Christmas gift: One big red apple, a little sack of choice hickory nuts, one pair of knit mittens and a homemade knit comforter to wear round the neck."

"In addition myself and brothers were given jointly one cent's worth of powder, which was inserted in a cornucop and exploded, or in a hole bored in a log. In the latter case other boys joined with their allowance of powder to have a greater explosion. For candy we had maple sugar and for a special treat the young people of the neighborhood climbed the hills near our house to hear the boom of cannon fired in Cincinnati 15 miles away."

"I was that sort of a Buckeye boy myself," said the sergeant, "but of a later date. I wore a red or a red and white comforter as late as the year before the war, and my Christmas gift from home in 1862 was a pair of closely knit red and black mittens. We were then in camp at Nashville and the mittens were a great comfort, but were regarded as a standing joke by the boys. We were rather cozily quartered and we began to prepare for Christmas a week in advance."

"Some of the boys went ten and fourteen miles east and south from camp looking for geese or turkeys, chickens or rabbits. Those who went outside our lines came back excited and anxious. They found everywhere indications of a general advance on Christmas day, and they didn't like it. On December 24 we knew that we would spend Christmas in camp, but that we would advance in battle order on the morning of December 25. Knowing this and knowing that three days' rations were to be cooked and carried in haversacks the boys were not as merry on Christmas day, 1862, as they had expected to be."

"The whole army moved toward Murfreesboro on the morning of the 26th, and as we passed waiting regiments I saw several pairs of mittens not unlike my own, and I knew that the good mothers at home had thought of our cold hands. One man I saw wearing a red comforter such as I had worn as a boy, and I wondered if he came from the old home neighborhood. Five days after that as our brigade emerged from the cedars at Stone River, pursued by the confederates, I saw in the confederate line two men wearing red comforters."

"One of these wore the comforter

around his neck, with ends crossed on his breast and carried down to his belt. The other wore the comforter around his neck with ends flying. I wondered if these were, like my mittens, Christmas gifts from old-fashioned homes. I knew later, because the confederate of the red comforter fell, not five steps from where I went down, with two wounds. It was very cold that night, and the wounded in blue and gray began to creep towards the little depression in which I was lying and snuggled close to keep from freezing."

"Some one took my mittens out of my pocket and put them on my almost helpless hands, and some else able to use his hands lifted my head to his lap as he sat on the ground, and I felt the ends of a knit comforter brush across my face. It was fresh and new, and he said it was a Christmas gift and he had worn it in battle because his mother had sent it. That led the freezing men, huddled together like shivering hogs, to talk of Christmas and their people at home, and I found that my man of the red comforter was of the same stock as myself, his family settling in Tennessee, mine in Ohio."

"He had a pair of mittens like my own, and the customs of the two homes were not unlike. We did not freeze that night, and were carried off the field next day, but in such condition that I never knew how we were removed nor what became of the men who came to me that night. Some of them did not recover, I was told in the hospital, but I was informed that not one of the dead wore a red comforter. All this came back to me yesterday when I came across a white army hospital blanket with my initials worked in red in one corner. It was my blanket, and I remembered that as the letters went into shape 42 years ago a tear fell from my mother's eyes for every stitch taken. I lived, however, to carry that blanket through the war."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**Too Sensitive.**  
"Those Chinese made a dreadful fuss just because one of our admirals shot a Chinese woman by mistake." "They are so painfully lacking in civilizing influences. Just notice how our Maine guides are popped over—and nobody ever thinks of going to war about it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Poor Freddy.**  
Reggy—Why does Freddy have so deuced many broken cigars in his vest pocket?  
Clarence—Sh! Freddy wants the chaps to think he hugs so many girls, so he breaks the cigars and puts them in his vest pocket every evening.—Chicago Daily News.

**"THE HOUSEHOLD OUTFITTERS"**

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**JANUARY MONEY SAVERS.**

**Ruffled Muslin Curtains** of good plain muslin, with hemstitched edge and generous ruffle, 2½ yards long 39c.

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**Inlaid Linoleums** perfect goods where the colors go through to the back, no wearing off of patterns. Dark parquetry or mixed effect, worth \$1.25, 79c. sq. yd.

Send for Samples.

**Extra Heavy Eureka Linoleum** 12 ft wide covering the ordinary floor without a seam, 79c. sq. yd. Send for Samples.

**Dinner Sets** of 66 pieces, genuine hand painted ware, gold knobs and handles, \$5.65, (26 cents extra if packed)

**OREN HOOPER'S SONS,**

479 Congress St., PORTLAND, MAINE.

**A VICTIM OF LUCK**

By WYMOND ADDERLY

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Aunt Maria is a devout worshiper at the shrine of the Goddess Luck. I imagine from her uncertainty this deity is feminine.

Aunt Maria is fat, fair and 50, with a well-endowed purse and eccentric; the very type of aunt to inspire affection in the bosoms of her relatives, particularly as she is a widow and childless.

One day last month when funds were running low, and the world seemed full of importunate people who expect to have their bills paid, I thought that perhaps a visit to Aunt Maria, with timely reference to the expenses of the season might reap its due reward. I flattered myself I was her favorite nephew, and so in my most unimpeachable get-up I presented myself on her doorstep one morning, and inquired of John Thomas if Mrs. Smith-Brown-Jones was at home.

I may say here that Aunt Maria's married name is Smith, but as we have all heard there is luck in odd numbers she has superadded her maiden name of Brown, and to make the mystic spell complete her mother's maiden name.

Aunt Maria was bustling down the stairs as I entered.

"Why, Arthur, this is luck," she exclaimed. "I am just going off to do a day's shopping. I hate shopping alone and shall be so glad to have you with me."

I felt a delight I was very far from feeling, and meekly followed my respected relative down the steps.

As we bowed round the corner Aunt Maria turned to me with a face of dismay.

"There, if I haven't forgotten my purse," she said; "well I am an idiot." I did not of course contradict her, but merely suggested we could easily



LOCKED IN HIS SOOTY EMBRACE.

return, and seized the check string to call James' attention, but my aunt grasped my hand firmly and said:

"I couldn't possibly turn back, Arthur; it is so unlucky. How much money have you?"

I pulled out nearly all my worldly wealth, about twenty-five dollars in bills and some odd silver.

"Is that all?" she said, scornfully, taking it, however. "Well, you have your check book?"

"No," I said, hurriedly, "I—er never carry one, they're so heavy."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter. I can easily get some money at one of the shops where I deal. I'll send you a check to-morrow for this; at least not to-morrow of course, that's Friday and if possible I never write a check on Friday, it is such an unlucky day. You shall have it Saturday."

I thought it would be a much unluckier day for me if I didn't get it and mentally resolved to stick to Aunt Maria till I saw her safely inside her door again when I should have a chance of getting my money.

We proceeded comfortably for some distance when the carriage was blocked a little. In an evil moment my aunt's eagle eyes glancing out of the window descried a horse shoe of huge size just dropped by some passing dray horse.

"Oh, Arthur," she exclaimed, in tones of ecstasy, "I must have that lovely horseshoe. You can easily slip out while we're blocked and pick it up for me."

I reluctantly opened the carriage door and descended into the mud. Of course the moment I left the carriage the block broke up and I was engulfed in a roaring tide of destruction. Bus drivers swore at me, rubber tires spattered me from head to toe, and as I grasped the "luck-bringer" a ruffian who was also making for it snatched it from my clutch.

I felt quite ashamed of myself as I gained the carriage, with James and Thompson grinning and with the pristine beauties of my garments sadly dimmed.

Aunt Maria never glanced at my disheveled appearance.

"Where is the horseshoe, Arthur?" she demanded, sternly. "You don't mean to say that you haven't got it when I particularly asked you to."

"I am sorry," I said, sulkily. "I supposed you would not wish me to steal it, that would hardly be lucky."

"Well, I don't know," said Aunt Maria, thoughtfully; "stolen coal is one of the luckiest things. I always make a point of stealing just a little piece from some one else's scuttle and carrying it about with me. I shouldn't wonder if a stolen horseshoe might not be the luckiest of all. It was really

most tiresome of you not to bring it. I should probably have had the most unprecedented luck."

At Twenty-third street we got out and sent the carriage home. Walking down Broadway my relative's substantial foot struck a piece of iron.

With an agility quite remarkable in a lady of her age she stooped, seized the fetich, a metal boot tip, and calmly flung it over her left shoulder, where it struck in the eye an unoffending clergyman, causing him to utter a howl of rage and pain.

"That woman is mad," he exclaimed, in loud tones which at once attracted the attention of the passers-by, "she deliberately hurled in my face a missile of some kind, which may cause serious mischief. She should certainly not be permitted at large. Police-man," as a burly guardian of the peace approached, "I must ask your protection from this ferocious female who has just assaulted me."

"The man is mad himself," said Aunt Maria, indignantly. "I never assaulted anyone in my life! I am a widow lady, Mrs. Smith-Brown-Jones. Here is my card."

My aunt's commanding and stately appearance evidently impressed the policeman, for he suggested to the parson he must have been mistaken.

After this episode Aunt Maria's feelings required sustaining by a good lunch at Stanley's, where she recovered sufficiently to sharply reprimand the waiter for crossing the knives, thereby leaving a loophole for the demons of ill-luck, and inadvertently spilling the salt she again hurled some over her left shoulder, which powdered the coat of a smart old gentleman just passing.

Leaving the restaurant she darted nimbly into the road in preference to walking under a ladder, and I to save her from being run over by a cabby who could not pull up in time, had to seize his horse by the head and swing it half round.

Later I unluckily caught sight of the new moon and commented on the fact to my aunt.

"Oh where, where?" she cried anxiously, and catching sight of the pale crescent she at once commenced an extraordinary series of genuflections, repeating as she did so in loud tones: "Bonnie lady moon, will you send me a present?"

Now the spectacle of a stout elderly lady in a crowded thoroughfare bobbing solemnly up and down is bound to cause considerable comment, and my ears tingled as murmurs of: "Quite a well-dressed woman, how shocking," "How awful for her son, I suppose. He almost looks like a gentleman," rose on all sides of me.

"For heaven's sake, Aunt Maria," I cried in despair as she straightened herself and commenced solemnly to turn over all the coins in her purse, "come along, don't you see half New York is watching your devotional exercises?"

"What nonsense you talk, Arthur," said Aunt Maria, placidly. "If you turn your money you will never want for it all that moon. What a pity you didn't think of it!"

"One lunatic in the family is enough," I muttered as I hustled Aunt Maria through the crowd.

We reached my aunt's house without further excitement.

In front of the house holding on to a lamp-post and chanting to himself in a raucous voice: "I am the bee," was an inebriated ash man. Upon catching sight of him Aunt Maria horrified me by kissing her hands to him. Happening to look our way at the moment he let go the lamp-post and hurled himself in our direction, and the next second I was locked in his sooty embrace. After a protracted struggle I succeeded in freeing myself at the cost of a torn coat. Aunt Maria had made good her retreat into the house, whence, boiling with rage, I followed to be greeted in the hall with: "Oh, Arthur, how extremely lucky to be sure. To kiss your hand to an ashman always brings luck!"

It was the last straw. I will draw a veil over the scene that followed; suffice it to say on Saturday morning I received a note in the third person inclosing a check for the money she had borrowed, omitting the odd change, and saying after my disgraceful conduct Aunt Maria hoped never to see me again.

The favorite nephew now is my cousin, William Brown. And I hear that as "Little Fancy" shares in which she is interested went up the day after our trip she is now a greater devotee of luck than ever.

**THE PRICE WE MUST PAY.**

I know right well, and you know right well, The thing that we ought to do. But the tempter comes with a luring spell. And his wares have a roscate hue; And we say: "This once, if aside we look."

It will never count, I trow!— But what of the one who keeps the book?

And don't you suppose he'll know? Do you fancy that sin will leave no scar?

That law may be well defaced? That you carry no mark of what you are?

Far out on the outer side? The wrong that you did another yet bears.

Will carry it all of the way. And sure is the time when, unawares, It will come, by your side to stay.

Oh, I know right well—e'en my blindness sees— That the price we shall not escape; The penalty comes despite our pleas.

Ye have us, a grizzly shape. Forgotten neglect and the wayward deed.

They shall stand, an accusing row, With only the good we have done to plead.

For those who have strayed below.—San Francisco Call.

Leather in Cow's Hide. A cow's hide of average size produces about 35 pounds of leather.

**THE BLUE STORES****A PRESCRIPTION**

Guaranteed to keep you Comfortable in Cold Weather.

**Is Your Temperature Going Down?**

TRY Overcoat treatment, GUARANTEED CURE for cold, taken in small, medium or long doses. All kind of Overcoats \$5.00 to \$18.00.

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GOOD SUITS from \$5.00 to \$18.00.

**Your Temperature gone down as far as it can? NO!**

TRY our good, warm Underwear, all kinds, styles and grades 50c. to \$1.50 per garment.

There! We have made you comfortable at last and you'll stay so all Winter.

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ALL KINDS OF STOCK, ALL STYLES AND ALL WIDTHS.

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**SMILEY'S SHOE STORE,**

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**Hastings Brothers****BETHEL, MAINE.****Winter Underwear.**

In all grades. Heavy fleeced lined Underwear for 50 cts. Better grades for 75cts, and \$1.00. Extra heavy gray Underwear, shirts double-breasted, 50 cents each. Jersey ribbed in ecru and black, for 50cts. Camel's hair Underwear, shirt double-breasted, \$1.00 and \$1.50. Cooper's Jersey knit Underwear, in gray, or blue, for \$1.50. Union Suits, in three grades, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00. Boys' Fleeced Lined Underwear, for 25cts. and 50cts.

**H. B. FOSTER,**

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Smiley's January Must Sale is an event for by women Underwear at the prices. Manufacture great advances in of the high price during this sale P on the low price, can SAVE MUCH NOW.

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WNS of good muslin embroidery trimmed on, embroidered edge sleeves,

WNS of good muslin embroidery alternate tucks, embroidery sleeves to match,

WNS, chemise style regular shape of lamb tacked muslin with ribbon, neck and

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